

T H E
 Affes Complaint against Balaam;
 Or the Cry of the
C O U N T R Y
 A G A I N S T
 Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.

To the Reverend Bishops.

YEE *mitred Members of the House of Peers,*
The Kings Churchwardens, and Gods Overseers,
Fathers in Christ, we your poor Children cry
Oh give us Bread of Life, or else we die.

For we are burd'ned with our old Sir Johns,
Who when we ask for Bread do give us stones;
And only cant a Homily or two,
Which Daws and Parrots may be taught to doe;
Drunkards Canonically, Unhallowed Bears,
That name God oftner in their oaths then Prayers.

Into what darknesse will our Church be hurld
If such as these be call'd The light of the world?
These that have nought to prove themselves devout
Save only this, That Cromwell turn'd them out.

Mistake us not, we do not mean those loyall
And learned soules, who in the fiery tryall
Sufferd for King and conscience sake, let such
Have double honour, we shall nere think much;

But this our tender conscience disapproves,
That Ravens should return as well as Doves;
And croak in Pulpits once again to bring
A second Judgment on our Church and King.

Though England doth not fear another losse,
'Cause God hath burn'd his Rods at Charing-crosse;
Yet Clergy fins may call him to the Doore
Ev'n him who whip'd and scourg'd them out before.

Oh therefore ye that read the sacred Laws
Eject their Persons, and disown their cause:

God, and the King have both condemn'd this crew,
Then let them not be patroniz'd by you.

'Tis not their Cassocks, nor their Surplices
We quarrell at, there is no hurt in these;
We owe their Decency, yet every Foole
Cannot be call'd a Monk that weares a Cowle;
Were grace, and learning wanting (by your leaves)
We would not pin our faith on your Lawn sleeves;
'Tis Aurons breastplate, and those sacred words
Become a Churchman best, THAT THAT my Lords
Which pious Baxter makes his livery,
'Would all our Curates were but such as he!

Pardon my Lords, we do not make this stir
To vindicate the factious Presbyter;
We hate his ways, and equally disown
The zealous Rebell, as the Idle Droan;
And beg as oft to be deliver'd from
The Kirk of Scotland, as the Sea of Rome;
We pray for Bishops too, Oh may ye stand
To heale the sad distractions of the Land;
Then give us Priests loyall and painfull too,
To give to Caesar, and to us our due.

God save King Charles our Christian faiths Defender,
And bring Religion to its wonted Splendour.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Loyall and Orthodox Reader, Judg charitably, I am neither
 Presbyterian, nor Phanatick, but as true a Son of the Church
 of England as thy self; for thy further satisfaction, I shall (God
 willing) present thee with an other paper, to clear my honest in-
 tention in this.
 Lewis Griffn.